The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE BASIC WORD OF THE OLD CHURCH.

No. IV.

Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake: "Come, let us go to the Seer; for he that is now called a Prophet, was beforetime called a Seer."—1st SAMUEL, 9: 9.

GENESIS.

Of the affair of Dinah and the Shechemites and of the destruction of these latter by Simeon and Levi, the Book of *Jasher* tells us that "the Lord was Simeon's council in this matter" of destroying many for the sins of one. Passing over this, and recurring to the "authorized" versions for our guide, we find the Lord and Jacob having several familiar interviews, while Reuben, a son of Jacob, is unseemly with one of his father's wives. Joseph then appears upon the scene and presents an interesting picture of early oriental life. Being the son of a medium, he is also a dreamer of dreams, and interpreter thereof. Pharaoh also has dreams, which the Egyptian wise-men cannot unfold, but Joseph can. Joseph's medium capacity thus proving the greater, he is deemed the wisest man, and fullest the spirit of God, "and called in the Egyptian tongue the Savior of the world." In like Eastern scope of wording, Jacob calls his familiar spirit "my Almighty God." Joseph, though called "the Savior of the world," was wont to divine by the "silver cup" which was placed in Benjamin's sack. Joseph claims the highest wisdom in Augury, and says to his brethren, "Know you not there is no one like me in the science of divining?" After he makes himself known to his brethren, and affectionately embraces them, he loads "ten heasses to carry off all the riches of Egypt." God then came to Jacob by a vision in the night, saying, "Jacob! Jacob!" and he answered, "Lo, here I am." Joseph is sworn by his father's thigh, and while swearing, Jacob adores God by the familiar rod that carried him over the Jordan.

The common version says, "Israel bowed himself on the bed's head." Paul, referring to the same passage, quoting the infallible word of his time, says, Jacob "worshipped, leaning on the top of his staff, while the *vulgate* or Douay Bible says in its Old Testament, that he adored God, turning to the bed's head, but in its New Testament, it renders Paul as saying, "he worshipped the top of his rod." This last would appear to be the more natural reading, for it is to this same magic rod that he ascribes his safety over the Jordan. It was also by this divining rod that he supposed himself in rapport with his familiar God. Very natural then, that Jacob should worship this rod, even as our dead churches at the present day, worship their prayer-books and bibles with the same belief in their magical worth as a safeguard over the Jordan. But the present opening of the heavens will soon show that what was said by them of old time, is not infallible for us to-day. Not even Chevalier Bunsen's new translation of the "Word" will be able to present it as an infallible whole; on the contrary, we think the old rent will be made worse by the joining of new cloth.

Jacob says the "God which fed me all my life long, the angel which redeemed me from all evil." Here God and angel are as one, the Redeemer of Jacob. To this redeemer or familiar spirit, it will be recollected that Jacob vowed for this redemption a tenth of all he should get, which included all he got by the game of pottage, and by that peculiar mystery of Godliness which transferred his uncle Laban's cattle to himself, and then tells Laban's household that "Thus God hath taken away the cattle of your father and given them to me," and thus proving that his "rod was the staff of accomplishment."

Jacob is now at the end of his pilgrimage in the flesh. He gathers his household, and part he curses, and part he blesses —probably by the same pastoral crook, rod, or staff, in rapport with the God or Angel who had redeemed him all his life long.

Thus ends all we can gather from Genesis of a spirit world. Surely the Odic light never shone more dimly than from this ancient tomb of Israel. How much was of the spirit in the flesh, or how much was of the spirit out of the flesh, it is impossible to say. The word God being simply equivalent to master or eminence. Hence the familiar presence and manwise acting of God, or angel, or man of God, on all occasions.

According to Philo,—himself of the Levitical or priestly order,—the Angels of Jewry were the same as the Gods of the Gentiles. It does not so distinctly appear from the record itself; on the contrary, the Jewish angels appear rather as distinct creations, and not the souls of mortals; still it is only in this latter sense that the interpretation admits of being received. And though the early teachers in Israel taught no immortality of the soul, yet their familiar reference to their God and the Angels, leaves us to infer that they had spirit intercourse, but chose to centralize it in the name of God and of angels created above the "firmament." Moses seems to have found it necessary, however democratic in his earlier movements, to suppress entirely spirit intercourse outside of himself. That with an ignorant, besotted and barbarous people, general, open intercourse would be fraught with many evils, may well be granted. How much of central, priestly power was sought, or how much the enlightenment of the people, we cannot say. In talk with the spirit of Cotton Mather lately, while discussing the manifestations of his in comparison with those of olden time, we asked why Moses proscribed spiritual operators outside of himself, or those ordained by him. Moses, he thinks was jealous of other mediums. It may have been so, and it may also have been that Moses sought the best way present to him to save his people; and when he found them prone to the worship of golden calves, instead of the simple, yet spiritual majesty of his higher conception, he had, in a measure, to yield himself to their capacities, and to address them in the puerile forms and ceremonies characteristic of an external church;—and that with such gross minds, general spirit intercourse would be apt to work evil. The ministry of spirits is of infinite grade and character, but in this day we have only to let truth and falsehood grapple.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye *think* ye have eternal life." But save the shadowy light, now little, now less, gleaming to modern vision, it does not appear. "If a man dies shall he live again?" was asked by ancient Job, and wisest Solomon has no affirmative answer to give. Spirit intercourse being proved to-day beyond the reach of doubt, answers Job's question three thousand years ago; and though gorgeous may have been the material Jerusalem of Solomon, there was a heavenly one above him, which he in all his wisdom knew not.

Less than twenty years ago, the Electric Telegraph was as incredible as the spiritual telegraph through media is now, and incredible to us it would appear that the soul immortal, manifested not to the mortal. Close the heavens, and we remain the "child of doubt and death whose hope is built on reeds."

A word or two from the Book of *Jasher*, of which *Genesis* appears merely an abstract. *Jasher* has far more of detail than *Genesis*, upon the topics we have sketched from the latter book. Part of its narrative of Joseph is very affecting, and part rather of a ludicrous character. Among other things it says that Joseph when sold by his brethren and on his way to Egypt, passed by his mother's grave, and throwing himself thereon, he sorely wept and invoked her protection. Joseph heard her voice from beneath the ground, speaking kindly words to comfort him. Joseph's brethren when relating to their father the why of Joseph's non-appearance charged upon a wolf the abduction of their brother. Jacob reproached the wolf, which was present, most bitterly, but the Lord opened the mouth of the wolf to speak forth the words of soberness and truth to the astonishment of Jacob; for it appears that the wolf spoke with as much "volubility of tongue" as Balaam's ass. We then have a long account of Joseph's sojourn in Egypt. He has "ministering angels" sent to him, and he also divines by the "authorized" silver cup, and shows great wisdom in astrology and in dreams, and is otherwise a "noted magician;" but before he is made known to his brethren, "Judah roared at him like a lion, and gave a great and tremendous shriek at him so that all Egypt quaked at the sound of the shriek; and also the walls of Egypt and of the land of Goshen fell in, from the shaking of the earth, and Pharaoh also fell from his throne upon the ground, and also all the pregnant women of Egypt and Goshen miscarried when they heard the noise of the shaking, for they were terribly afraid."

This is equal to the blast against Jericho; and besides their great capacity of roaring, the sons of Jacob also slew six hundred thousand men in one battle, and did many other equally marvellous things—all written in the Book of *Jasher*, referred to in Joshua and Samuel, and translated out of the original Hebrew and endorsed by learned professors of the ancient "Word."

EXODUS.

Here is the story of the Hebrew slavedom—of the commands of the Egyptian king to the midwives to destroy the Hebrew male children at birth. The midwives saved the children alive, and though not truthful, the midwives feared God and he "built them houses."

Moses is born, laid in the rushes, found by Pharaoh's daughter and adopted by her. He grows up—sees an Egyptian striking a Hebrew—slays the Egyptian and flees from the wrath to come, to the land of Midian. The priest of Midian had seven daughters. Moses met them at a well, drawing water, where shepherds were pushing them aside to help themselves first. Moses gallantly flies to the rescue of the damsels, who invite him to their father's house. Moses acceded and liked the father so well that "he swore that he would dwell with him; and he took Sephora, [Zipporah] his daughter, to wife."

According to Philo, the Midian damsels found a powerful auxiliary in Moses who so "swore by the celestial eye of justice" that "his appearance became changed, and the men fearing that he might be uttering divine oracles, became submissive," and respectful to the maidens. Capital! Moses, for though your biographer, Philo, has no great respect for "female flesh" he loves you so well as to spare no effort to make you shine in whatever raiment you may put on. If you can be made to appear best in allegory, the mantle descends, and you are covered in that. If literalwise you can be made to stand as "wisest, virtuousest, discretest, best," a revolving mirror is made to reflect your many phases, while the people are kept at the foot of the hill, Sinaiwise, "lest the Lord break through upon them," and so parts are exhibited at a respectful distance from the too curious eye. There was also the terrible sound of the Sinai trump, which Philo says "was heard to the extremities of the Universe"—or as Milton would say, "affrighted chaos and old night"—or as Jasherwise suggested, as loud as Judah's shriek which so shook all the earth as to make the ram's horn blast at Jericho seem as but a whisper.

Some commentators say that Moses slew the Egyptian "by a particular inspiration of God." According to Josephus, Moses, before he leaves Egypt, conducts a successful war for the Egyptians against the Ethiopians, the Egyptians being instructed through their oracles by God to take the assistance of Moses, who fights and loves as gallantly in this expedition against the Ethiopians as in the instance at the well of Midian, when he swore with such tremendous power as to make the shepherds deem him to be divinity inspired. On the present occasion, "Tharbis, daughter of the king of the Ethiopians, happening to see Moses as he led the army near the walls, fell deeply in love with him," and forthwith "sent a servant to him to discourse about marriage." Moses, nothing loth to take wives or take lives, as the case might be, accepted the offer of Tharbis, "on condition that she would procure the delivering up of the city. No sooner was the agreement made, but it took effect immediately." Moses got the city—"cut off the Ethiopians—gave thanks to God, and consummated his marriage, and led the Egyptians back to their own land."

Bravo, Tharbis! Bravo, Moses! but we shall see by and by that Miriam did not like this marriage of her brother with the ardent Ethiopian damsel; for the "Lord looked upon the children of Israel and he knew them."

While Moses was watching the sheep of his father-in-law Jethro, "he drove the flock to the inner parts of the desert and came to the mountain of God. And the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire." It is "the Angel of the Lord" in the common version, but whoever it was, he speaks to Moses who says, "Here I am." He claims to be the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. "Moses hid his face, for he durst not look at God," but they talk very familiarly through the chapter upon the way of emancipating the Jews from Egyptian bondage. "And when you depart you shall not depart empty; but the women shall borrow the vessels of silver and gold and raiment and ye shall spoil the Egyptians."

We cannot complain of any enslaved people taking the assumed property of their masters on any like occasion. What the Jews produced in Egypt was theirs by the law of justice, however much might would withold it. We are with the Jewish Lord on this point; but will he make the Jews do this same justice to others when he brings them into power? Let us hope that the Jewish Lord and his people will do justly, love mercy, and overcome evil with good; and that they will not be too greedy in the service of Mammon, whether in spoiling the Egyptians, or in coveting the lands of their neighbors, and in going in to possess them, to the utter destruction of men, women and children.

According to Josephus, it was to "the mountain called Sinai, that Moses drove his flock to feed them" and that it was the opinion of men that God dwelt there, and hence "the shepherds not daring to ascend up to it." How many flocks have our clerical shepherds driven to Mount Sinai with pastoral crook or rod, keeping the sheep at the foot of the hill, while the shepherds divined from the top? It was a voice from the burning bush that directed Moses, and what we read, says Josephus, "were the divine oracles which were delivered out of the fire." Quite analogous this to the oriental mode of invoking spirits through the burning of incense.

Philo, who is allegorical or literal to meet all exegencies, says that any one might have imagined the apparition of the burning bush, "to be the image of the living God, but let it be called our angel, as angel is the emblem of the providence of God."

Many mediums of to-day have lacked faith in the spiritual origin of the phenomena manifested through them. Even the credulous ancients required signs, wonders, or tests, in proof of the mysteries above the apparent, natural plane. Moses doubted the ability of his Lord to manifest convincingly to the people; but Moses has his magic rod at hand, which becomes a serpent, so that Moses fled from it; and presto! the serpent is a rod again. The Lord gives Moses another test by making his hand as "leprous as snow," and then instructs Moses how to turn water into blood. Moses still deemed himself insufficient for the crisis, in that he was slow of tongue. The Lord then promises to be in his mouth the same as we find him in our speaking mediums of to-day. Moses still hesitates, whereat his Lord lost all patience, and his wrath was kindled against him, and his brother Aaron is chosen to manifest the gift of tongue while Moses was to be the God of Aaron. Moses was to bear the rod wherewith to work the signs. Moses then departed out of Midian to return to Egypt, "taking his wife and sons, and carrying the Rod of God in his hands."

While Moses was on his journey to Egypt, "the Lord met him at the inn, and would have killed him." If the Lord had resolved to free the bondmen of Egypt through the instrumentality of Moses, we do not see how the killing of Moses would have produced that result, unless it was supposed that Moses would make a more efficient God out, than in the flesh. A translation of this kind may sometimes be useful. It appears, however, from the record that it was not for higher use this translation of Moses was sought, but for vengeance, because Moses had failed to circumcise his boy. His wife, Sephora, divining the cause of the Lord's wrath, seized a sharp stone, and circumcised her son on the instant, saying to her husband, "a bloody spouse thou art to me," which seems to make the Lord and Moses one, and Sephora's action the appeasing of the wrath. The use of a "sharp stone" would rather indicate the low estate of surgical instruments about that time, or the obstacles in the way of the Jews obtaining them. Moses and Aaron now meet "in the mountain of God," where "Moses told Aaron all the words of the Lord, and Aaron spoke all the words before the people." The magic rod was at work at the same time, "and the people believed, and falling down they adored."

Philo says that the sacred rod of Moses, "with which he wrought the signs in Egypt was inspired by God," and as Jacob worshipped his Rod as the Staff of his accomplishment, so the same familiar God, a name of authority, when coming as of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, announces his readiness to work by the rod of Moses, or by the mouth of Aaron.

What broader scope of vision have our old theologies which still see with Judean eyes the familiar God or spirit of old Jewry. Our churches shroud the land with the outer darkness of the old superstition; for the mammon getting and fashionable world take but little thought of the creeds that are proclaimed in the authority and name of the Lord. Thus continual night laps the ages, and a theologico-political machinery holds the human mind in fetters and in slavish fear to the dark conceptions of an undeveloped age. Sunday schools are at work to perpetuate the same eternal night in sanctifying Hebrew mythologies, taking their grosser parts as authority in the Lord to uphold slavery, war, the gallows, and multifold abominations too numerous to mention, including the tract society, "squat like a toad," pouring leprous distilments into the ear of freedom.

C. B. P.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE SHEPHERD'S SUNDAY SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

The day of the Lord is here;
In far off fields I am alone.
One morning bell more, only one,
And then it is still far and near.

In prayer I bend the knee;
Oh sweet thrill! mysterious stir!
As though kneeled many a worshipper
Invisible and prayed with me.

The heavens far and near,
So clear and solemn seem to me,
As though their doors would opened be;—
The day of the Lord is here.

THE FALLACY OF PREMATURE EDUCATION.

When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of *keeping their brains fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence.* The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of *bad health, peevish temper*, and *developed vanity*, is incalculable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain, even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in harness long before them.

And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be gained by a sacrifice of health, which may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book-work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while, perhaps, to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book-knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more likely to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child, who is to be at book-work for the first twenty-one years of its life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all, is its surest implement.

A similar course of argument applies to *taking children early to church*, and to over-developing their minds in any way. There is no knowing, moreover, the disgust and weariness that may grow up in the minds of young persons from their attention being prematurely claimed.

For the Spiritual Age.

"THE GOSPEL OF JESUS."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I saw an article in your paper (forwarded me by a friend) from the pen of the Rev. Gibson Smith. In this article he has made a statement in regard to myself that I beg leave to correct in its details—indeed he calls my attention to it. He says:

"From Lee I proceeded directly to New York, to make the necessary arrangements for publishing the work. Here another surprise awaited me. After reaching the city, I was impressed to call on Rev. Dr. Dods. I found him at his office in Broadway. I told him that I had come to New York to get some printing done. On his inquiring what I was going to print, I informed him that it was the Gospel of Jesus, which had been found in the catacombs of Rome. He turned pale and said, 'It is fulfilled. My visions never deceive me! Fourteen years ago I had a vision in which an immortal came to me, and told me that the religious world was in a great error concerning the religion and doctrines of Jesus, and that in a time when great knowledge and light were prevailing, and when men's souls were generally stirred on religious matters, Gibson Smith would introduce to the world the true Gospel of Jesus. I wrote down this vision at the time I saw it (fourteen years ago), and have it now in my possession.' He saw many other things in this vision. He saw, too—as he informed me—that I should be greatly persecuted for publishing this gospel."

In reply to the above, I would say that friend Smith misapprehended my meaning, both as regards time and circumstances. Instead of my saying that I had a vision *fourteen years ago* of some future discovery of light and truth, I said that I had a vision when I was *fourteen years old*, which is now forty-eight years ago, and probably before friend Smith was born. True, that vision, up to 1824, has been often repeated to me, and thousands have heard me deliver the lecture that contains it. From this lecture I extract the vision. It is as follows:

"I had to pass, on my way home, through a beautiful piece of wood a quarter of a mile in length. As I entered it, the sylvan scene, the beauty of the spot, the tempting shade of the trees and the heat of the day, all combined, induced me to linger there. I sat down, and while ruminating on the death of my father, and the scattered state of the family, I fell asleep. When I awoke I found myself in a singular state of mental abstraction, and felt perfectly indifferent to everything around me. The sun was not an hour above the horizon. I stepped into the road to pursue my way, and not more than four rods distant, under an oak tree near the road, stood my father! Though this was two years after his death, yet it seemed exactly right that he should be there. I proceeded on without the slightest fear or even embarrassment. When I arrived opposite to where he stood, he stepped into the road and walked at my side.

"He at length broke the silence, as follows: 'John, you and I have not been brought up right in the knowledge of religious truth. The other world is very different from what we have been taught to believe. Ministers who preach about a future immortal life are just as deep in error as they are divided among themselves. Though they mean well, yet they are in darkness as regards the doctrines Christ taught and the revelation he has made concerning that life to come. They understand his moral precepts, but not the sublimity of his doctrines, which are doctrines of unbroken peace to the living and the dying. To know what these doctrines are, will require a new discovery—a new illumination from heaven to the soul of man. When this new light shall be made known, and seen and felt, then gradually through successive ages ministers and people will lay aside divisions and come to one doctrine in one harmony and beauty. Their ideas of another world are wrong, and as years roll on, will lead them and the people to whom they minister more and more into darkness, so that the intelligent portion will at length doubt the truth of divine revelation, then doubt the existence of God, and lastly resign the faith of their own future being. That world to come they do not understand. True, it is one world of many spheres which Jesus calls his Father's house of many mansions.

"'This light, my son, will break upon the world in your day. You will live to see it. Be cautious, for even that will be mingled with darkness and error. But out of this mass, in connection with the light the world now has, truth, harmony and beauty will emanate. And not only so, but you will greatly aid in bringing these changes about. You will have your work to do; and what a work no mortal tongue can tell! My son, see that you do it faithfully, not regarding the scoffs and sneers of men. You are to endure much persecution and trouble. Some of it will be deserved and keep you humble; yet you will surmount every obstacle, burst every barrier thrown in your path —pass through one great trial after you are twenty-two, another after you are fifty, and another after you are sixty-two years of age, and then all will be well. You will live in health and strength till you are eighty-four years of age. Beyond that period I can tell you nothing *now* as regards yourself. I shall see you again and again as years roll on, and so will others of my companions. You shall be faithfully instructed, prepared, and finally ordained to this work. The healing gifts of Christ will return to men.'"

Such is the communication I received from my father two years after his death. My trials, except the third, are past. I am sixty-two years old, and my first sick hour is yet to come. Whether I am to live on in health till I am eighty-four years of age, the future must reveal.

That this new light was to emanate from parchments found in the catacombs of Rome, or whether some mind was to gather this light from the spirit-manifestations of the Bible, in connection with what is revealed by the spirit-manifestations of the present day, and out of the whole be enabled to discover, bring forth, explain, and harmonize the doctrines of Christ and his companions with reason and philosophy, the above vision does not decide. I have for years been inclined to the latter opinion, and this opinion I have as yet seen no cause to change. Though in this vision neither Mr. Smith nor his book are named, yet it may be said that they are clearly intimated. This, time will reveal. It will perhaps be asked, how could Mr. Smith get the impression that I mentioned his name? To this I reply as follows:

I had another vision about fourteen years ago, in which I distinctly saw Mr. Smith and several other persons known to me. In this vision he professed to have found a *Divine Revelation*, which would ultimately supercede the one contained in the New Testament. This also I stated to him at my office. This vision friend Smith desired me to relate. I declined doing so for the present, as I had not my data at hand. Now i is natural, that he should have blended the two as to time—the one fourteen years ago with the one I had when I was fourteen years old. And it is also natural that he should have associated the sentiments of the *first* and identified them with his name in the *second*. As I cannot find the paper, as yet, on which I noted down its incidents, I am compelled to give the *second vision* from memory. It is as follows:

A departed friend appeared to me, and showed me what seemed a barren mountain of great elevation. On its top stood a man partially enveloped in clouds and mists. Though he was at times scarcely visible, yet at intervals there were flashes of light that streamed from his head, which for a moment encircled it, and then darted from his presence, streamed down the mountain, and struck the gazers at the base with astonishment and awe. A very large flock of sheep, in a poor pasture, and half starved, were scattered over the valley. The man on top of the mountain held in his hand a large book, and said in a loud voice—"Shepherd, take this book, and by its teachings enlighten the sheep—feed them—make them know and understand your voice, and gather them into one fold." Gibson Smith, who suddenly appeared standing at the side of this man, seized the book, descended the mountain, and began his mission. He seemed to be the originally appointed shepherd, but others soon joined him as co-workers in the same enterprise. But the sheep were no better fed, and more scattered and lost in darkness than before. The flashes of light from this mountain of mist gradually grew fainter. Mr. Smith, who was called *shepherd*, soon retired from the field, and so did his co-workers. Others, however, for a time came to the rescue. But all was of no avail. Not only the light continued to fade away, but even the mountain at last disappeared, and the man on it stood on the level plain enveloped in mist and smoke. The experiment failed, and the book ceased at length to be considered a Divine Revelation. The immortal who showed me this vision spake and said, "Gibson Smith, you have been honestly deceived, and may be again; but be not discouraged, for you shall in a future day find the truth, and through much tribulation and persecution aid in presenting it to the world." Such is the *second* vision; and I will here remark that I had a *third* vision in relation to Mr. Smith about five years ago, which, for want of time and space, I omit.

Now I do not profess to know what this *second* vision means. But if it has reference to the present book, called the "Gospel of Jesus," purporting to have been found in the catacombs at Rome, then the book in the face of this second vision (and my visions never deceive me) is false. And I here leave the matter for friend Smith's consideration.

I do not wish to be understood to say that this book is all false. Far from it. Much of it is the very language and sentiment of the New Testament, and some of its teachings are eloquent, heavenly and sublime. Nor do I condemn it for any *modernism* which the sagacity of some detects in its pages. Any *ancient* document bears the *modernism* in many respects, of the translator's day and his mode of expression. The Old and New Testaments in this respect are of the *same age*, and bear the impress of the forty-seven divines under king James, who translated them. Many of the words and sentences belong to that age, while "Wakefield's Translation" of the New Testament bears the modernism and classic style of his day and his purity of composition. I do not condemn the book for such silly objections as these—I condemn it for its denunciation of Moses and the prophets, and for setting aside the apostle Paul as an impostor, and for repudiating the sacrifices as so many types and shadows of immutable truth. I condemn it for its rejection of the immortal resurrection of Christ and his teachings on the resurrection of man. So much for its *internal* testimony.

As for *external* evidence, I cannot receive it, because the parchments are not produced nor the name of the man who found them in the catacombs at Rome, and his evidence of finding them there. Nor is even the translator's name given to the public. In order for this "Gospel of Jesus" to merit the stamp of approbation as not being a forgery of modern date, it must fairly pass through something like the following ordeal of public scrutiny. The parchments must be produced and put into the hands of a chosen committee of learned and impartial men. Before this committee the witnesses to be produced to prove that they were found in the catacombs under Rome. The committee may then inspect the parchments as to their material—the ink with which the writing was done—the form of the letters—the idiom and original purity of the Latin language in which they were written, and then report whether the whole work bears the footprints of eighteen centuries! And if it be proved to be so ancient a document, then the parties concerned in its publication will be exonerated, as they are not responsible for its contents. And though it contains many *excellent* moral duties and teachings, *worthy* of the Master, yet can it have originated from his disciples when Paul, the prince of the apostles, is denounced by them as a vile impostor? This seems impossible so long as all sacred and profane history approve his deeds—admire his magnanimity and boldness in the cause of Christ—his faithfulness and patience in all his sufferings, persecutions and trials, to the last beating pulse of his noble heart which only ceased its throbbings when it had forced out the last drop of blood from his martyred body.

But that friend Smith is dishonest in this matter I have yet to learn. He candidly admitted to me, that he had never seen the manuscripts, nor did he even know the friend's name. He merely knew the translator as a learned and most reputable gentleman, belonging to one of the first families in New York State, and fully entitled to credit. Friend Smith has large marvellousness and great confidence in his fellow man. This is evidence of his honesty. I warned him not to print till he had seen the parchments and had the whole evidence in his hands. But he has dared to do an act which I would not have had the courage to attempt; and I have no doubt, he sincerely believes that all the necessary evidence is in his reach, and will be presented to the public with overwhelming force. If he can do this, the public will be greatly surprised. If he fails, it will then be time enough for Christians to lay aside the spirit of Christ and sharpen the pen of denunciation! Gibson Smith, it seems to me, is to bring out a book at some future day, that is to benefit mankind, but it will not be from truths found in the catacombs of Rome, but in the archives of heaven—in the vast magazines of nature! What these truths may be I know not. But such are my impressions drawn from the force of my second vision; and here, resigned to God, I rest the matter.

JOHN BOVEE DODS.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

INDICATIONS OF THE FOOLOMETERS.

Our finite minds suggest the propriety of measuring all things, and the subject, which is somewhat vaguely implied by the above title, will lead us to treat of *measures* rather than principles. In attempting to ascertain the dimensions and capabilities of various forms and forces, as well as in giving precise expression and appropriate form to their ideas, men find it necessary or convenient to employ certain *measures*, and these they unconsciously apply to themselves. *Long Meter* has relation to *men* as well as to music. It is not alone attached to "Old Hundred," but legitimately belongs to such other tunes and *other times* as are characterized by a slow, reverent and solemn movement. Among the friends of the old Conservatism the long meters prevail; but in the ranks of Progress the *times* are indicated by a strong preference for the *short meters*. In this country, especially, there is a great passion for the rapid movement, and no *rests*. We cannot keep still. Our delight is in *action*, not in ease. The precise direction and the actual results of this extreme mobility, are secondary considerations. The first law of Nature with a Yankee is not self-preservation—it is rather "*Push along, keep moving.*" Move somewhere—anywhere—everywhere—no matter where—only move. Thus Life becomes an intricate *Quickstep*, varied to suit the performer; and notwithstanding Shakspeare hath said, "My legs can keep no measure in delight," thousands seem delighted in keeping this rapid measure, though it indicates the waste of life. The merry dancers often *trip* each other; they fall suddenly—rise and fall repeatedly in the course of the performance. At last, as they thoughtlessly "cross over" and go "down the outside," this life—in spite of its many grave and impressive lessons—reminds us of the comic song—

> "So *up* and *down*, and *away we go*;
> O what delight it is to know,
> The pleasures of the polka."

It may be interesting to briefly enumerate some of the various *measures*, their relations to men and things, and their specific uses. In order to mark the degrees of temperature between the opposite extremes of heat and cold, we use a *Thermometer*, an instrument constructed with precise reference to the law that regulates the expansion of bodies by the presence and application of sensible caloric. We use a *Hydrometer* for determining the weight of fluids, and for ascertaining the relative strength of spirituous liquors, which is said to be, "inversely as their specific gravities." By the aid of the *Electrometer* we detect the presence and quantity of electricity in all bodies; we determine the intensity of the electric action in a particular object or in a given direction, and can demonstrate pretty clearly that one and the same agent produces thunder, causes the cat's back to rise, and makes the hair of timid mortals stand on end. While the *Optometer* enables the optician to fix the limits of direct vision, we use a *Gasmeter* to measure out the carbureted-hydrogen whereby we see in the night, and which many fashionable people are inclined to substitute for daylight.* Even poets have their *rules*, and the best poetry is made and measured by the foot. Homer in his Iliad and Virgil in his Æneid measured their verses with *Hexameters*. Others have employed *Pentameters* for this purpose, while the occasional use of *Alexandrines* may justify the inference that some of our modern poets think as much of *lineal* as of *metrical measure*.

But not the inspirations of genius, alone, are subjected to the measuring process. It was Sidney Smith, if we mistake not, who first suggested the existence of FOOLOMETERS, and their application to other men in every department of science, literature, art, and the affairs of practical life. It is very obvious that there are certain individuals in almost every community who are presumed to be duly authorized to determine the intellectual measure and the moral specific gravity of everybody else. No one may reasonably expect to escape the judgment. Genuine science, useful literature, polite manners and "pure religion," though "undefiled before God," must receive the seal or be condemned. The original geniuses in Art, the moral heroes of all ages and the great philosophers of the world must, each in his turn, submit to the application of the Foolometers, that his exact dimensions and intrinsic value may be determined by authority and to the satisfaction of the rest of mankind.

In his valuable work on "Instinct and Reason," Alfred Snell has the following paragraph:

> "When the Foolometer, or mediocrity meter, shows signs of praise, the idea or work which he praises is frequently vapid and devoid of merit and originality; when the Foolometer indicates blame, then the subject requires consideration; but when the Foolometer shows great excitation, and deals out hard names, personalities, and vulgar abuse, then, indeed, the matter requires grave study; for this result indicates that the entire brain of the individual is put into commotion by the discordance between the matter treated of and his former ideas."—p. 296.

We have all witnessed the curious consequences of the application of the several Foolometers to Spiritualism. The instruments employed have been of three general classes, namely, those used by the Press, the Scientific Machines, and the Clerical Foolometers. The journalists employ a great number of these instruments of various dimensions and capacities. They only require to be *wound up* by the proprietors, and *set at a proper distance from all the facts in the case*, and then, without stopping, they will *run down* all the angels, and straightway reduce the whole Spiritual Creation to a foolish myth or a metaphysical abstraction. The Scientific Foolometers are no less distinguished for the possession of extraordinary powpowers. The most remarkable specimens of this class are kept at Harvard University. The application of the famous Greek Instrument, belonging to that Institution, and which instantly cast out the demon of Socrates by an imaginary "voice," never detected aught in Spiritualism save "deception and delusion;" at the same time the most celebrated Clerical Foolometers have very generally indicated little else but *the presence of the devil!*

S. B. B.

* It is the custom in fashionable society to sit up all night and to lie in bed through the day. Moreover, when a wedding occurs in the day time, "the upper ten" darken all the windows and light up the rooms with gas.

SPIRITUALISM IN WILLIMANTIC.

At Willimantic, Conn., Spiritualism has been making very rapid progress during the past year, and has left a lasting record of its redeeming power in a work of practical reformation. Through its influence a fashionable gambling saloon, that threatened to be instrumental in ruining some of the most promising young men in the place, has been effectually broken up; there is much less intemperance in the place than formerly, and several men who were habitually and grossly profane, have entirely reformed in this respect; and thus, by the additional grace of good language, have supplied what was wanting to perfect their characters and manners as gentlemen. That Spiritualism has exerted this most beneficial influence, no one who has any knowledge of the facts, or any respect for the truth, will presume to deny. Nevertheless, the pastor of the Baptist Church in that place—the famous Elder Swan—who has established a great reputation for studied coarseness, careless irreverence and systematic abuse—denounces the "infernal heresy" with all his might, and in terms which are omitted in this connection because they do not belong to our vocabulary.

H. B. Storer and the writer have repeatedly spoken in Willimantic on the important themes of the Spiritual Philosophy and Life, but the great change in the views, dispositions, and habits of a large portion of the inhabitants, has mainly resulted from the efficient labors of Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE, who has been their principal public speaker, or medium for the elucidation of the principles and claims of Spiritualism. The influence of this lady has been very great and eminently salutary. Through her calm, persuasive ministry, her gentle temper and irreproachable life, hundreds have been interested in the cause; great light has shone into many benighted minds; and hearts, whereon the vail of sorrow had fallen heavily, have been filled with peace or made to leap with joy unutterable. It was her sacred privilege to comfort the mourner, to strengthen the weak and to reprove the unworthy. She was faithful to *all*, and her reward is the blessing of the multitude, spoken as with a single voice. The people follow her and her worthy husband—as they journey toward their western home—with fervent prayers for their safety and continued usefulness. Their promised return—though the time be the ensuing *autumn*—will not fail to bring the freshness and beauty of a new *spring-time* to many waiting minds and hearts.

The writer recently delivered seven lectures in Willimantic which were very numerously attended by intelligent and joyful listeners. Devout believers and earnest inquirers came in from a distance of several miles in all directions—night after night—and the Universalist church was filled to its utmost capacity. Indeed, the members of that old society have, we believe,—together with a large number from other churches—experienced a resurrection of their immortal hopes in the adoption of the spiritual idea. Our lectures were accompanied throughout with appropriate music. In addition to the performances of the choir, which were excellent, Mr. Longley, the Spiritual Ballad singer of Belchertown, Mass., attended the course, and each succeeding lecture sang some of his most inspiring Spiritual Songs. Many souls were made glad on that occasion, and eyes that were never moistened by the dogmatic appeals and the bitter denunciations of Calvinvinism, wept tears of gratitude and joy.

Able lecturers, who have no foreign hobbies to ride, and who have neither abused their Freedom nor prostituted the sacred name of Love, are requested to stop at Willimantic, when they have occasion to travel in that direction.

During our recent visit to W. we were politely entertained by Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Gillson, whose kindness, and the friendly attentions of several others, we shall hold in lasting and grateful rememberance.

S. B. B.

A New Construction.

The text of discourse through Mrs. Townsend's mediumship at the funeral of Mrs. Cushman of Hartland, Vt., on the 16th inst., was: "This corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality." The spirit said these words did not convey the right idea. It should rather be, "This immortal has thrown off mortality and this incorruptible has thrown off corruption."

Without stopping to question whether this form of expression would be a correct rendering of the Scripture, it is certainly more in consonance with a true spiritual philosophy and with the genius of Christianity. While the former reading throws but a dim and obscure ray athwart the grave, the latter is radiant with a living light that penetrates the mourner's heart with an assurance sweeter than hope itself.

END OF "THE WAY OF LIFE."—The "Revival Paper" bearing this title, terminated its existence on the 10th instant, with the issue of the thirteeth number. Those enterprises that originate in an excitement of the emotional nature have but a brief, feverish and uncertain existence, after which they are sure to "sleep well." In this case we learn that "*The Way*" was obstructed, and "*Life*" extinguished by a species of *asphyxia*, brought on by the suspension of the Revival and of the proprietor. It was generated in the heat of an abnormal excitement, and when human nature recovered its normal temperature and its moral equipoise, it expired for want of the elements necessary to sustain its unnatural life. It perished suddenly and with but a vague hope of being called for in the resurrection.

PRACTICAL DEMON-STRATION.—The Springfield *Republican* says Elder Burnham, of Haverhill, has been lecturing against Spiritualism. He admits the phenomena, but insists that they are produced by evil spirits. To prove that men could be possessed by demons, the elder sat down before the audience, and very soon a demon entered him, producing a variety of twitchings and contortions, finally causing him to jump up suddenly and speak in an "unknown tongue." The elder said if he had entertained this *demoniacal spirit* much longer it would have caused him to jump off the platform. His audience was amused, if not convinced.

HEALING MEDIUM IN SARATOGA.—An esteemed friend writes us in terms of high commendation respecting Mr. R. B. Newton, the healing medium residing at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. His success in removing disease is stated to be quite remarkable. Many of the worst cases of chronic complaints have been mastered and cured through his powers in a very short period of time.

A CHAMPION OF THE OPPOSITION.

The redoubtable Professor Grimes still perseveres in his valorous foray against Spiritualism. His last tilt came off at Taunton, Mass., where, armed with his usual weapons of falsehood, calumny and blackguardism, he made a brave onslaught in sight of the public. The coolness with which he would ride over truth to gain his own points and the people's dimes, was almost refreshing. In addition to the stereotyped fable which he has retailed through the country—that he made a medium of Andrew Jackson Davis—and the ludicrous assertion that S. B. Brittan is indebted to him for his knowledge of psychological science,—he affirmed that Spiritualists throw away the Bible, that they consider the mediums of the present day superior to Jesus, that they are endeavoring to destroy the marriage institution, and other absurdities too numerous as they are too senseless to repeat.

He pretended to give his audience liberty to refute his positions, but few were sufficiently indifferent to slang and insult to risk incurring them from his Professorship, by disputing his assertions or asking him questions. At one of his lectures, however, Mrs. J. W. Currier chanced to be present. After the speaker had continued in his usual strain for some time she was suddenly entranced, walked from a distant part of the hall to the platform, ascended the narrow steps, her eyes closed all the while, and addressing herself to Mr. Grimes, respectfully asked leave to make some remarks. The Professor was nonplussed; he refused to allow her to speak. At this the audience, some three hundred in number, felt an indignation which they were not slow to manifest. They demanded almost unanimously that he should allow her a hearing. Accordingly his Professorship yielded, though with a very bad grace, and gave her the floor. She spoke for half an hour, contradicted and showed the absurdity of some of his ridiculous assumptions, explained away a great deal of the mystery with which he envelopes his experiments, and closed with an encouraging address to the Spiritualists present.

Quite an excitement was the result, and in the end Spiritualism is likely to receive a lively impetus in Taunton, as it has in other places where it has been attacked. As for the brave Professor, he is probably in condition to continue the siege elsewhere, having lost nothing in this encounter but his temper and the respect of sensible men. He has doubtless still on hand abundance of his scurrilous ammunition for a new assault.

When a certain namesake of his gave up the ghost, it was written—

> "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man;
> We ne'er shall see him more;"

but the junior Grimes can hardly count on so pleasant an epitaph. If he carries his conscience with him to the other sphere, it is to be hoped it will some day become so quickened that we shall see him often on earth in spirit, laboring to correct the falsehoods he is now so unscrupulously blazing abroad.

FRIGHTENING THE OLD LADIES.

REV. JASON F. WALKER, who presided at the Rutland Free Convention, is an enlightened and progressive man, who can wisely discriminate between the exercise of his individual freedom and those aggressions on the rights, privileges and interests of others which are often committed by pretended Reformers. As presiding officer of the Convention he certainly displayed remarkable fairness and firmness, and by his uniform kindness, not less than by his acknowledged ability, he not only preserved order throughout the deliberations, but won the respect and esteem of all parties.

But we learn from a letter—just received from a young lady who resides at Glen's Falls—that since the Convention the name of *Walker* has become as great a terror among the saints up North as it was some time since among the sinners down South. At a place some six miles north of Glen's Falls, where the friends of Mr. W. had secured the use of a country meeting-house (it had been previously unoccupied, we know not how long), a few intolerant sectarians—whose faith has nothing to do with Christian charity or gentlemanly deportment—took the alarm and closed the doors against Mr. Walker and the multitudes that had assembled to hear him. The people thereupon retired to a beautiful grove, and erected a platform and seats, where they continue to meet as often as once in two weeks, worshipping in the temple not made with hands.

It is said that the antiquated matrons of both sexes, in the region of the Falls, wag their heads at all who attended the late Convention. Empty heads move readily, if not gracefully—move this way or that way, as the wind blows.

Where Lies the Blame?

A shocking double murder was perpetrated a few days since in Calais, Vermont, by one Ariel Martin, said to be "a stolid, brutish fellow, with an extremely obtuse moral sense and a less appreciation of moral obligations." As usual, a thousand speculations are afloat as to the motive which could have led to the appalling deed, and the condition of mind of the murderer. Some *very* astute writers for the press have swept away the mystery with one stroke of their sagacious pens thus—*His mother is a Spiritualist.* This, they sagely divine, may account for all. Could anything be more unworthy, absurd or unfeeling than such a heartless fling as that?

But hold—these writers are perchance theologians. If so, we beg to correct them. *Their mother* is to blame. Their doctrines being true, the fault lies at the door of their frail mother EVE. It was her transgression that

> "*Brought death into the world*, and *all* our woe."

Then why shift the responsibility on to this poor widow in Vermont? Her son was necessarily the offspring of "total depravity."

Another Lecturer.

We should ere this have made our readers acquainted with the fact that E. H. BUGBEE, Esq., of Killingly, Conn., has consented to accept invitations to lecture on the facts and objects of Spiritualism, its theological bearings and moral aspects, wherever he may be called. Mr. Bugbee was, not long since, an eloquent and influential member of the Legislative Assembly of Connecticut, in which, if we are rightly informed, he was regarded as the most brilliant representative of his party. Indeed, in every position and relation he has been universally respected and esteemed, as well for his polite manners and gentlemanly bearing, as for his high-toned morality and acknowledged ability. The friends of Rational Spiritualism throughout New England, who may be fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Bugbee as a lecturer, will doubtless have occasion to thank the writer for this notice, and that gentleman for an earnest and able defense of their principles.

S. B. B.

WOODMAN'S REPLY TO DWIGHT.—A new edition of this valuable pamphlet has just been issued by Bela Marsh.

Correspondence.

A Philanthropic Convention.

NEW YORK, July 23d, 1858.

BRETHREN OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE:—Very emphatically written upon my mind, of late, is this impression: that the good and true, the intelligent and benevolent, the rich and the poor, everywhere, are calling for light and strength adequate to "overcome evil with good;" or, in other words, to lessen the actual causes of human suffering and increase the sum of human happiness.

"Whence evil?" is yet an open question. "What it's object and mission?" is also asked by every tenth tongue. "How shall we meet it and treat it?" is not less frequently spoken.

In order to get the highest thought and best expression of the great-hearted and free-minded, I am proposing a Convention to consider "THE CAUSE AND CURE OF EVIL." Calls for such a gathering are being circulated in several States of the Union. Thinking that the most central location for eastern and western philanthropists, would be the city of Utica, Oneida Co., N. Y., I have almost completed arrangements accordingly. The exact time is not yet known; but probably the 10th, 11th and 12th of September. The humane and enlightened in and about the mentioned city, are very cordial in their welcome. Intelligence from the committee of arrangements, now every day expected, will enable me to publish the call for general distribution. I hope the call will appear in the next issue of this journal.

The importance and *certain* usefulness of such a congress of reformers must be quite self-evident. All those whose minds and hearts have been moved affectionately and reverently toward the welfare and progress of their fellow men, will realize, it seems to me, but one emotion when reading this call—that of entire willingness to say "Amen!" both by immediate signature and presence if possible, at the convention. Lest, however, some may decline to endorse from possible disaffection or misapprehension of the objects in view, I will endeavor to write you again next week, giving a more definite notice with my reasons for inaugurating this philanthropic movement.

Fraternally, as ever, A. J. DAVIS.

The Picnic at Reading.

LOWELL, July 22d, 1858.

Yesterday quite a large number of Spiritualists and their friends went to Harmony Grove, Reading, to escape the routine of daily toil, and breathe the free air, unaccompanied by the dust and heat of the city. They were joined by friends from Lawrence and Haverhill and other surrounding towns. The day was fine, and all nature was clad in its own most healthful attire, breathing its wholesome and vigorous influence upon all. The first two hours were employed in rambling about the grove, and those who desired, "tripped it on the light fantastic toe." Then came the call to the speaker's stand. The spirit friends welcomed us, through the organism of Bro. Otis, to the free and broad Temple of Nature, there to imbibe the inspirations that come through the songsters of the forest, the new-mown hay, and the whispering breezes that float gently through the waving branches; and that they had gathered there with us, and would give us words of joy and the quict influences of affection.

They also greeted us through the mediumship of Mrs. Foster, saying as earth's children approached the portals of the spirit-land, bright spirits would be ready to respond and bear them upward to the spheres.

Good counsel came through Mrs. Fonda, bidding us not to stifle the promptings of curiosity, as it urges us on in the search after Truth. It may be the first step in the line of progression that shall bear us above the materialities of life into the spiritual.

Mrs. Ballou was entranced, and sentiments of hope and consolation, clothed in beautiful language, fell upon the hearts of the listeners, causing those chords of sympathy to vibrate in unison with high and holy aspirations. She spoke to the sad and lonely, words of cheer, assuring them that those who have gone from the earth sphere can return, and hold sweet communion with those left amid its cares and sorrows. She bade them look up through the clouds and catch the radiance from the spirit spheres.

Words of wisdom were spoken through Mrs. Abbott of Lawrence. Her address was well conceived and uttered in an earnest and eloquent manner, full of highest thought, and those who heard her could not fail to be profited.

Bro. Greenleaf of Haverhill was there, and the intelligences responded through him to the call for those who had embarked upon the great ocean of eternity, to return laden with the treasures of the spirit-land.

Bro. Otis then took up the subject of Education and spoke with good effect upon the false methods that have been followed, and upon the importance of right culture of all the organs and powers, so that they might blend harmoniously and present the beautiful symmetry of a perfect whole.

The feast of spirit and reason closed with a fine poetic production by Mrs. Ballou. It was full of high thought, beautifully expressed and found a hearty response in the interior nature of those who listened.

The whole affair passed off very pleasantly and profitably, so much so that it was unanimously voted to have a repetition of it about the first of September.

Much praise is due to the committee of arrangements for the manner in which their portion of the labor was performed. Also much credit should be bestowed on Mr. F. H. Nourse, the gentlemanly and accommodating superintendent of the Lowell and Lawrence R. R., for the prompt and efficient manner he executed all that devolved upon him.

A. B. P.

Spiritualism in Ohio.

BELLEVUE, Huron Co. (O.), July 10, 1858.

DEAR AGE:—As it is always interesting to me to learn the progress of our cause in other places, it may be of interest to your readers to learn what is being done in this portion of the vineyard.

Although, five years since, Spiritualism was but little known and less understood here, at the present time we have a large number of worthy and intelligent persons who have received with joy the good seed imported from Paradise and scattered by the ministering angels, which, I am happy to say, is bringing forth abundant fruit.

In this place we have a respectable number, who, despite the anathemas and opposition of the numerous churches, fear not to avow themselves believers in the doctrine of angels. We have not, as yet, a regular place for holding public meetings, but when speakers come we hire a hall for them.

It is amusing to see the fears of the conservative theologists at the silent spread of the new intruder. They scarce know how to account for it. The secret is this, friends;—We hold private circles regularly once a week—sometimes oftener—to which we admit a few of the many who have expressed a desire to investigate. They are sure to witness proofs of the identity and presence of their spirit-friends; and thus they become interested. We then furnish them some spiritual food—"THE SPIRITUAL AGE"—or appropriate books, which they use and are refreshed.

Mrs. Williams is a powerful tipping medium, with and without contact. Test questions are answered correctly, and names and communications spelt out. I am an impressional medium. Other mediums are being developed. We have also had spirit-lights, rapping, trance-speaking and healing.

In other places around us the cause is advancing rapidly. In Milan, twelve miles east, there are many active friends of the cause who employ a Mrs. Warner, an excellent trance-medium, to speak to them tri-weekly by the year. In Clyde, seven miles west, Spiritualism is in the ascendency.

This place is on the line of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, a convenient stopping place for lecturers and mediums travelling West. We invite able and efficient ones to remember us. We are able and willing to properly compensate such for services.

F. A. WILLIAMS.

Miss M. Munson in New Bedford.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It has but rarely if ever happened that any one has spoken here whose lectures have given such universal satisfaction as have the lectures of this lady—spoken in the trance state. Last Sunday afternoon the subject was "Ancient and Modern Miracles," and in the evening, "Spiritualism—its practical effect upon every day life." Both lectures attracted a good degree of attention, but more especially the latter. There will be an effort to have her repeat it the first Sunday in August, when she is engaged to speak here again.

Yours for the Truth, H. K.

Note from Prof. Otis.

LOWELL, July 19th, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER NEWTON:—I notice in the last number of the AGE, a communication from you, concerning my humble self, which you must allow me to say needs at least a passing notice. Written as it evidently is in a spirit of love, and with an earnest desire for my profit, I kiss the rod, and acknowledge the reproof,—but must still be allowed to say, that I have the consciousness of good intention; and it is hard indeed, to give up—as you well know I have—an honorable and profitable position, for obloquy and misrepresentation from the enemies of our faith; but it is still harder to find our worst foes to be those who profess to be those of our own household. But I have found in my brief labors among strange brethren that there are those who, though loud in their *professions* of purity, truthfulness and honor, who yet do not always *say what they mean or mean what they say*.

Thanking you kindly for your gentle hints and caution, which was needed, and perhaps just, I must close by a sincere wish that you, my dear brother, and myself, and your *informers*, may be guided and impressed by good angels, so that we may see the necessity of devoting at least a part of our energies to removing the beams from our own eyes, so that we may see more clearly to wipe away the motes from those of our brethren.

In regard to the Convention at Claremont, I was not aware that that convention was called by disembodied spirits through me, but am told that it was held by a vote passed by the friends at Lempster. I do not know, however, only as others tell me; but will say, that in passing a resolution in favor of organization, as the convention did, it did all that I expected it would do; and now I find that the matter of an organization for effort in education is going forward quietly, but well.

With many wishes for your success and usefulness, and with sincere thankfulness and love for your interest in and kindness to me, I remain, Truly yours, for Truth, Humanity and Right, J. L. D. OTIS.

Boston and Vicinity.

L. Judd Pardee at the Melodeon.

Having unfortunately lost our notes of the meeting at the Melodeon on Sunday last, we can only speak in general terms of the exercises. In the morning a paper written by Mr. Pardee was read, defining the different classes of Spiritualist speakers—first the entranced or unconscious; second, the semi-entranced, who have a knowledge of what is said through their organisms, and are like listeners to the truths communicated; third the normal speaker, who like the apostles of old is so in harmony with the truth that it flows from him as a living inspiration. The latter class was considered the highest. The medium then present was ranked in the second class. The reading of this appropriate and instructive document was followed by a lecture on the "Providences of God and History." The speaker believed in a general providence which is the law of progress, and in special providences, which are the adaptation of that law to times and conditions. The operations of providence were traced through the past, pointed out in the present, and prophesied as to the future.

In the evening his subject was, "What is the Word of God?" He affirmed that the same process of reasoning which establishes biblical literature as the Word of God would make the inspired utterances of seers, prophets and sages in all times also the Word of God. All truths are interiorly related, and have three planes of interpretation, the natural, spiritual and celestial.

The lectures showed a rare grasp of interior principles, and were highly suggestive of thought to those in condition to assimilate the truths advanced; but for the general ear and mind their good effect was measurably impaired by an eccentricity of expression and erratic delivery which obscured the matter in the manner of discourse.

Ella E. Gibson in Augusta, Me.

The following communication, dated at Augusta, Me., appeared in a late number of the *Gospel Banner:*

"Many persons are desirous of expressing their gratification at the six admirable discourses recently delivered here by Miss Gibson, speaking medium.

"Concert Hall was filled every evening by a surprised and delighted audience; and though the Spiritualists composed not more than one-third of it, the doctrines advanced seemed to meet the approbation of every one in the hall. In fact, the speaker did not labor so much to establish the truth of Spiritualism as to diffuse liberal ideas. She claimed that every human being had a right to select his own religion, uninfluenced by the persuasions of friends or the denunciations of enemies. A religion, she said, was what every man needed; not for another world, but for this one—here is where we are now—not merely to *die* by, but to *live* by; not to *believe* in, but to act up to. God had implanted in the breast of every man a principle which teaches him what is right, which teaches him what is wrong—its softest whisper may become as the voice of many waters, its calm approval lull to sleep on the martyr's fiery pillow—and just so far as he emerges from ignorance and superstition, just so far does he perceive that he can place confidence in its monitions.

"The reason man's progress has been so slow heretofore, is that priests and rulers, believing it to be for their interest, have discouraged speculation in regard to civil government and positively interdicted it in regard to religion; it is because priests and rulers have opposed every step forward which science has taken, and anathematized those who have discarded their intervention. Who thirsts for the blood of the criminal like a minister of the gospel? Who defends slavery, where it is profitable to do so, with the virulence of an American priest? Who teach to-day that all spiritual knowledge is contained in the Bible, and that it is impious to seek for it anywhere else,—that the Architect of this stupendous universe has contracted himself and limited himself to the pages of a single book? If God ever spoke by the mouth of prophets, why may he not now? If man ever needed the assurance of the presence of Angels, why does he not now? Has man's nature changed? Is he not the same being to-day that he was eighteen hundred years ago? If Paul saw a light and heard a voice when he was persecuting the saints, why may not the persecutors of the present day see and hear the same thing? But it is impossible to report Miss Gibson;—if I convince you by this sketch that we were charmed with her performances, it is all that I can expect. MORE GRAPE."

PICNIC AT NEWMARKET, N. H.—The Spiritualists of Dover, Great Falls, Exeter, Portsmouth, and adjoining towns, will hold a picnic and re-union at Newmarket Junction, on Wednesday, Aug. 4th. Our friends in all parts of the country are cordially invited to meet us on this occasion in our beautiful grove, in social and harmonial intercourse. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. C. P. Ricker, Dr. Orville Williams, and other trance speakers, are expected to be present; also, A. Ludlow Arnold, Dr. G. G. Odiorne and other normal speakers are engaged.

A RELIGIOUS SYREN.—A young gentleman, coming out of a Boston church, a few Sundays since, saw a young lady—a beautiful girl, with black eyes, black dress, and Grecian face—drop her handkerchief. He politely picked it up and returned it to her. She thanked him, and said the sermon had affected her so that she did not know what she was about. They then took a sentimental walk, and he left her at the door of a fashionable residence. Next morning verdant found himself minus his pocket-book and $27. He thinks the sermon will do him good.

GROVE MEETING.—There was a celebration by Spiritualists at Searsmont, Me., on the 5th inst., of which we had intended making earlier and more lengthy notice. Not far from fourteen hundred well disposed and orderly people were present, and a pleasant and profitable occasion was enjoyed by all.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August, makes its appearance even in advance of its date, and is a highly interesting number throughout. The following is the table of its contents:—Daphnaides; The Romance of a Glove; To——; The Singing Birds and their Songs; Our Talks with Uncle John; An Evening Melody; Chesuncook; My Children; The Kinloch Estate, and how it was settled; "Bringing our Sheaves with Us"; Farming Life in New England; Les Salons de Paris; The Discoverer of the North Cape; The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; The Trustee's Lament; The Pocket-Celebration of the Fourth; Literary Notices.

We shall order our HARPER for August of Williams & Co. Lover of popular reading, go thou and do likewise!

Our sketch of Mrs. Hyzer's experience as a medium is unavoidably deferred till another issue.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, July 23d.

Mr. —— proposed as a question for present or future discussion, The attributes of God, and our relations to Him, and suggested that the democratic mode would be, to take the sense of the meeting at each session, as to the subject which should occupy its attention. The meeting was appealed to, and decided to continue the discussion on the Evils of Life and their Remedy.

Mr. SWACKHAMMER said: The application of the principle of love to the common affairs of life, as defined by Dr. Orton to mean the law of kindness, and illustrated by him, and Mrs. Farnham in her experiments at Sing Sing, is capable of an unlimited extension, and strikes at the very root of all evil. The speaker recapitulated the successes which crowned Mrs. Farnham's efforts, in the complete reform, by kind treatment and moral influences, of several desperate characters, and farther illustrated the subject by a reference to the city school of Chicago, for destitute and criminal children, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Nichols. This school was established by the Common Council of Chicago in 1855, and is conducted by Mr. Nichols strictly under the law of kindness. Appeals are made to the *sense of right and honor*, inherent in every breast. In the plan of government there are five grades of honor and five of disgrace; and those rough boys, gathered from the dens and purlieus of the city, are said very soon to become strongly attached to Mr. N., to call him father, and to become true to the trusts which he is careful, from time to time, to repose in them. The returning good for evil is carried to an extreme in this school, which will surprise most persons. A vagabond thief of a boy, for instance, is put in the school, and signalizes the event by breaking the windows and thumping several of the little boys' heads. He is at once arrested by a boy police, and sentenced to confinement on bread and water for a week. He takes his first meal of this plain fare, but after that is served with good food. He asks the reason, and is told that Mr. Nichols has sent him his dinner, and is taking the bread and water himself. The lad is surprised, and considers it a very good dodge; but after a day or two, it opens within him a new fountain of thought. He refuses to eat the good dinner, and leave Mr. Nichols to the bread and water. He asks to see Mr. Nichols; an interview succeeds; the poor reprobate discovers a friend,—perhaps for the first time in his life,—and at once feels an aspiration within him to try to become better and make a man.

Dr. ORTON said: Actual facts, illustrative of this question, are the most valuable contributions that can be made to it. Several years ago he had a lad of some sixteen years in his employ, who, he discovered, had for several months been pilfering from him in small sums, until the aggregate had reached a considerable amount. The question of course arose, as to what should be done with him? If the law was put in force, he would never be able to hold up his head again; and with the frailty he had exhibited, nothing but the most judicious training would save him from a career of crime. What ought he to do? He decided to lock the matter in his own breast, retain the lad, remove temptation as far as possible out of his way, and endeavor to save him. The result answered his hopes. That lad has long since been a man of a family, filling a place of respectability and usefulness in the walks of life. In the application of this law of kindness, it is by no means to be supposed that mere kindness, devoid of firmness, is to answer the desired end. Sometimes, indeed, it will be necessary to combine actual force; and the conjunction, as he had hitherto intimated, of caresses and stripes, on occasion, would not be found so incongruous as the world might suppose. Indeed, a great principle was contained in the idea.

Dr. GOULD said: This question covers everything, both in time and eternity. He sympathized with reforms and reformers, but there was a great difference between relieving the distressed and dispensing with a wholesome restraint. He did not believe that merely feeding and clothing men, and giving them good treatment, would make them angels. It would not if Christianity is true. He thought our laws were right. The convicts in our State Prisons had forfeited their liberty, and ought to be punished.

Mr. COLES said: There are two points in the regeneration of the world deserving of special attention; and of these, the formation of the man, rather than his re-formation, is the more important. It is easier to grow straight trees, than to mend crooked ones. In the work of re-form, we should begin at home; and having made all that right, we can then call in company and apply the rule to them. In our prison discipline, we should aim at the sin, and not at the sinner. What would be thought of a doctor, who, on being called to extract a splinter, should needlessly mutilate his patient? But this is what society does on another plane. One of its members gets a splinter in his head, and forthwith community fall foul of him, break both head and splinter into fragments, sweep him out, and call for more.

A. J. DAVIS said: Opinions on questions of reform are very conflicting. For centuries the vindictive principle has borne sway, till at length the more benevolently disposed are coming to the conclusion that the principle is wrong. With the view to discuss the question, they have determined on a Convention. [Mr. D. read the call.] The object was stated to be to consider the "Cause and Cure of Evil;" and all were freely invited to take part in it. The Convention is to be held at Mechanics' Hall, Utica, on the 10th, 11th and 12th days of September. It is a Free Convention. At Rutland, said Mr. D., the call was general, and led rather to pleasant conviviality than to practical results. Here we have a target to shoot at. Reformatory minds in different parts of the country have been addressed on the subject, and the responses—particularly from the western part of this State and Pennsylvania—are cheering. The call will be filled out and widely circulated, South as well as North. The proceedings of the Convention will be published in a volume. He invited signatures to the call.

Mr. DRESSER said: The question before the Conference assumes that there are evils in life, and that they are not remediless. In discussing it, it is necessary to go back to the source. How comes there to be evils? The Great Being is good. Manifestly they do not come from Him. I answer. They are the violations of law. God is the author of the laws, but not of their violation. One violates a law and feels pain. God does not inflict the pain; it is his act. So on the moral plane. He violates a law, and the penalty follows as a sequence. He injures his neighbor and feels remorse, in consequence of the law written in his breast. Everything is under law—trade, commerce, every department of life—and none of them can be violated without the penalty following. What is sin? Not what the churches consider it, an offence against God, but a transgression of the law. A sinner is one who violates any law—a glutton, a drunkard, or a knave. What, then, are the remedies for evil? Simply to cease to violate law. Apply this to all the ramifications of life. God says, Thou shalt not kill. The State says, Thou shalt be hanged. How shall we escape? Simply by not murdering. If we violate no law, the State can make no call upon us. God is merciful; but if one casts himself into a flood, will he arrest his laws to save him? No. The sum of the whole matter is, *violate no law of God or men.*

Dr. HALLOCK said: As we are about to resolve ourselves into an army of reformers, we ought to make sure that we are competent to the task. Every point as we proceed, ought to be carefully demonstrated. We are giving Arcanas to the world, but where is the proof? The truth that came to him, must come on the plane where he stands, and then they can jog on together. Who has a right to say that he is a saint and his neighbor a sinner? Let us reform our speech. Instead of talking about reforming sinners, let it be called educating children. That we understand. We succeed on the intellectual plane, but when it comes to the moral, we always fail. The reason is that we begin wrong. We must cease to divide the world into saints and sinners, and go at the education of mankind. He could appreciate the case related by Dr. Orton, and that of the boys at Chicago. He had known of other cases. Such was the love exhibited by Christ; and such love properly applied, would reform the devil.

Dr. GRAY said: He had named the spirit-circle as an agent of reform. He would name another important one, *public opinion*. A party meditating a crime, if he knew it would be found out, would not commit it. Now it is certain that a large part of the human family do know of our acts, however secretly we may perform them. We cannot hide them from the spirit-world, and the planes are every day flowing more and more together. J. R. O.

NEW WORK.—S. T. Munson, the enterprising New York Bookseller and Publisher, we learn, is preparing to issue about the first of September, a new work on Spiritualism, entitled "Confidential Experiences of a Spiritualist, by a Physician." It will be a duodecimo of some 400 pages, and, aside from the interest connected with its supposed authorship, and the merits of the book, it will be apt to receive considerable attention from the outside world, by reason of the attractive novelty of it title.

Compend of Facts.

Test from the Spirit of Dr. Hare.

Judge Edmonds of New York publishes the subjoined evidence of spirit identity in the *Telegraph*. In his explanatory note he says: "The communication from Prof. Hare is literally true, not only as to his meeting at Saratoga and Gen. Webb's speaking at it, but also as to the fact that the General's brother is my brother-in-law. It is natural that the Professor should have referred to that occasion, because matters then advanced were a frequent topic of conversation between us. .... Our conversations on that subject, to the purport of which he now refers, were, many of them, private between us, and were known to no one on earth but him and me. The test of identity to me then is very strong."

EAST TURNER, Me., July 1, 1858.

JOHN W. EDMONDS: Dear Sir—Although a stranger to you, I take the liberty to write, in accordance with the request of Prof. R. Hare, who, it seems, passed away, or left the earth some few weeks ago.

Last evening I was at the house of John O. Harris, at East Turner. There were six of us present; Mrs. Harris being a trance-medium, she was controlled by a spirit who claimed to be that of Professor Robert Hare. He said he came for a two-fold purpose; first, to give us some useful instruction, and secondly to prove his identity. I asked him how he could prove his identity? Said he, I will relate a little incident. It is this: In 1856, or two years ago, I visited Saratoga Springs, and on the Fourth of July I was where there was a collection of ladies and gentlemen. I took occasion to address them on the subject of Spiritualism. In the course of my remarks Gen. Webb interrupted me, and among other things, he said that I rejected the Bible, and denied all revealed religion; which roused my angry passions (for which I am very sorry), not because he did not believe in Spiritualism, but because he then and there took occasion to catechise me before I had closed my remarks, and to create a prejudice in the minds of those present. He also said that Gen. Webb's brother married Judge Edmonds' sister, and if I would write to you I should get the above confirmed. There were six of us present, and not one of us ever knew anything in relation to the matter.

The above is a small thing to trouble you with, but if you will take the trouble to write what you know about it, you will much oblige a friend and stranger. If this should prove true, it will be a proof of spirit identities, and add another to the many I have already received.

Truly yours in the cause of humanity. SILAS GURNEY.

Capt. Rynders and the Spirits.

After receiving news of his brother's physical dissolution in California, Capt. Rynders, in company with Col. Hall, paid a visit to Mr. Conklin's room, for the purpose of getting a communication from his brother's spirit.

Many questions were asked by the Captain, and were satisfactorily answered. Finally asks the Captain:

"Where is your body now?"

"In this city!" was the reply.

"That's a damned lie!" rejoined the Captain with emphasis; but the spirit insisted upon its truthfulness On their way from the rooms, the Captain says to the Colonel:

"It beats the Devil that such an answer should be given to that question. All the rest were answered right but that one. Pshaw!—it's all a damned humbug!"

Thus the matter ended. But the next day, as the Captain was walking down Broadway, he was accosted with—"Captain, why don't you go down to the vessel and get your brother's body?"

"Why, it hasn't arrived—has it?"

"Yes," was the answer; "it has been waiting for you these two days!"

Sure enough, the vessel had arrived with the body much in advance of the time it was expected, and the Captain had to acknowledge the truthfulness of an intelligence in opposition to his own positive conviction at the time of receiving the communication.—*The Principle.*

Test from an Indian Spirit.

A test was given a short time since from an Indian spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. Potts of New London, Ct. He communicated that his life was taken by violence, and that his body was buried in a certain spot in the above-named town. He stated that he had been many years in the spirit-world, and had often visited the place where his body lay. He gave a description of his mortar, pestle and spoon formerly used in preparing and partaking of his food. His height was indicated to be six feet.

Mr. John Danforth with others, dug up the soil at the place pointed out, where he found the remains of a body apparently six feet tall, buried with the face downward, the head turned toward the west. He also found a mortar and pestle, and a brass band which was worn around the Indian's cap. These facts are communicated to the *Telegraph* by Mr. Danforth.

Invisible Guides.

Not long since, a minister, who is a medium, on returning home one night, thought he would take a new route by going across the woods, though he did not know the way. The spirits came and directed his course; but thinking it folly to be guided by them, he struck out in a contrary direction from the way they wished him to go, and soon, to his dismay, found himself hemmed in by a large swamp which he could not cross. Again the invisibles came to guide him, and he readily gave up to them, when he had to retrace his steps and go the way they told him first. So he reached the intended point without further trouble.

Fact from History.

While the Thirty-third, or Wellington's Regiment was quartered in Canada, the officers at the mess-table saw the door open, and a figure pass through to an inner room. He was deadly pale, and was recognized as a brother-officer, Wynyard by name, and known to be then in England on sick-leave. There being but one exit, and as he did not return, some one of the party looked into the room he had entered, but found no trace. Not merely one, but all present saw the figure. Some took notes of the incident; and in the "log-book" of the regiment (if a nautical phrase is admissible in matters purely military) may be read the then written statement of the facts. News of his death afterwards received, proved the hour of his dissolution and appearing to have been simultaneous.

A Spirit's Promise Fulfilled.

An instance where doubts had been entertained as to the possibility of a denizen of a higher sphere appearing to its beloved ones on earth, occurred to a friend of my own, and to the companion of his early youth, who having obtained a cadetship, went to India. His story runs thus:

Several years ago, the former was, toward evening, driving alone across a wide, barren heath. Suddenly, by his side, in the vehicle, was seen the figure of his playmate. He knows not why, but he experienced neither surprise nor dread. Happening to turn his head from him to the horse, and on looking again, the apparition had vanished! And now an indescribable feeling of awe thrilled through him; and, remembering the conversation they had held together at parting, he doubted not but that his friend was *at that moment dead;* and that in his appearing to him he was come in the *fulfilment of their mutual promise*, in order to remove all pre-existing doubts. By the next India mail was received the intelligence of his death—showing the exact coincidence as to time of the two events, and bringing home at once conviction to the mind of the bereaved. One conclusion is evident, from all I have hitherto gathered, that in our future and disembodied state our present identity is retained.—*Notes and Queries.*

Impression Confirmed.

More than twenty years ago, I was called before daylight to visit the late lamented Mrs. S., living in Mamhead Cottage, and found her in a most excited state, arising from an *impression on her mind, as she stated to me*, that *she* had seen her *old friend*, Mr. Adams, who lived near Totnes, open the end of the curtain of her bed and look at her, and she was *convinced that he was dead.* A few hours after a servant brought a letter announcing his death, at the very time she said she had seen him. I learned afterwards, that her husband had destroyed himself, and that she said she had heard a pistol shot, and the ball roll along the floor—he being far away.—*Ib.*

Various Items.

FAILURE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The wire of the Atlantic Telegraph has broken, and the expedition has therefore failed. We greatly regret to make this announcement, inasmuch as sanguine hopes of the success of the enterprise were widely entertained until the moment this unwelcome intelligence was received. We do not mean that the feeling of the public mind was one of buoyant anticipation of success, but many scientific men, who were well acquainted with the difficulties of the enterprise and the means provided to overcome them, had pronounced a successful issue of the undertaking not only possible, but highly probable. But these expectations have been for a second time disappointed. The expedition having made three fruitless attempts in mid ocean, and having lost in all something less than four hundred miles of cable, the Niagara and Agamemnon have gone back to Queenstown. Another attempt is to be made immediately with the remaining cable.

CATO'S EXTRA PRAYER.—A pious old negro, saying grace at the table, not only used to ask a blessing upon his board, but he would also petition to have some deficient dish supplied. One day it was known that Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting that he would pray for some at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the vegetables, and stole under the window which stood next to the table of our colored Christian. Soon Cato drew up his chair and commenced:

"Oh, Massa Lord, will dou in dy provident kindness condescend to bress ebryting before us, and be pleased to bestow upon us a few taters and all de praise—"

Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot.

"Dem's um, Lord," said Cato, looking with surprise; "only jess leff um down a leetle easier next time."

ANTI-SUPERSTITION SOCIETY.—A society has lately been formed at Bordeaux to put down the superstition of evil omens. As everybody knows it is bad luck to begin anything on Friday—or to sit down at a table with thirteen—or to balance your chair on one leg, or to spill salt between yourself and a friend. The new society propose to have regular dinners on Fridays, to have just thirteen guests, and to turn on one leg and spill salt all around before commencing! In the one whole year during which Ill Luck has been thus defied, no single fatality has occurred to any member.

GOSPEL VS. LAW.—Rev. J. H. Shields, a Presbyterian clergyman residing in Iowa, married a woman who had been divorced from her husband, according to the laws of that State, to which she came from an Eastern State, for that purpose. The General Assembly (New School) have decided that Mr. Shields is guilty of adultery, while the law of the State declares her marriage to be valid.

HIS TREASURES.—A "hard case" was asked the other day if he had anything stored up in heaven?

"Sartain, sartain," replied he, "I guess it must be laid up there, if anywhere, for I hain't got anything laid up at home!"

PARTICULAR.—Some congregations seem to be particular as to their preacher. One of them gave notice that they wanted a preacher, but went on to specify that, besides being a good Christian, he must have a good moral character.

WARNING TO COUSINS.—Mr. Barrell, a Quaker, living near Rochester, N. Y., some years ago married his cousin, and the product of the marriage being an idiotic child, the father hung himself a few days since.

A PRISONER BAPTIZED.—A prisoner under sentence of death was lately baptized, by immersion, in the Atlanta jail, Georgia, by a Methodist minister.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

NOTE FROM LORING MOODY.—*Editors Age:*—Will you please withdraw all my lecturing appointments, as I cannot at present engage to keep them, on account of sickness in my family.

Yours, LORING MOODY

L. JUDD PARDEE will lecture at West Wareham on Wednesday Evening, the 15th, and at Watertown on Sunday Aug. 1st.

Prof. J. L. D. OTIS will speak at Putney, Vt., Aug. 1st; at Portland, Me., or Milford, N. H., Aug. 8th; Lowell, Mass., Aug. 15th; Waltham, Aug. 22d; Dover, Vt., Aug. 29th; Sutton, N. H., Sept. 5th; Stoddard, N. H., Sept. 12th. His P. O. address will for the present be Lowell, Mass.

Miss SUSAN M. JOHNSON of Medford, trance speaker, intends visiting the West about the tenth of September. She will probably stop at Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, &c., and would answer calls to speak on her route either on Sunday or at other times as friends may desire. Address at Medford, Mass.

GEORGE ATKINS, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Taunton, Mass., on Sunday, Aug. 1st; at Willimantic, Conn., Aug. 8th; Putnam, Conn., Aug. 15th; Killingly, Conn., Aug. 22d. Between these dates he will speak, if desired, in towns adjoining these places. Address Webster, Mass.

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE leaves for Saratoga Springs, N. Y., after the first week in July; and for the West on about the first or middle of August. Any who desire Mrs. Tuttle's lectures on the route of Buffalo, Cleveland, O., and the Southern Michigan Railroad, to Laporte, Ind.,

Miss SARAH A. MAGOUN, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, or at any other time. Address her at Cambridgeport, Mass., care Geo. L. Cade.

GEORGE STEARNS, author of "The Mistake of Christendom," will answer calls, in any direction, to lecture on the various Impositions of Ecclesiastical Authority, as well as on the Rational Evidence of Life after Death, and Prospective Happiness therein. Address, until further notice, West Acton, Mass.

SPIRITUALIST PICNIC.—There will be a grand picnic of the Spiritualists of New York city and vicinity, to Pleasant Valley on Wednesday, August 7th, 1958. If it should rain on that day the picnic will come off on the second day following, Friday August 13th, 1858.

The steam-boat Flora will leave the foot of Spring street, at 9 o'clock in the morning and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, touching at the dock at the foot of 22d street, each trip, for passengers.

Arrangements have been made by the committee and tickets for the excursion are now for sale at Munson's Book store No. 5 Great Jones street, and can be had at each meeting at Clinton Hall previous to the day. The price for the excursion both ways will be thirty cents. Children half price; this amount will cover all expenses including good music. It is hoped that those who intend going will purchase their tickets as soon as possible as by so doing they will lighten the labors of the committee.

Obituary Notices.

ANOTHER ANGEL IN HEAVEN!—Born to the Angel-home on the 16th of July, Mrs. ELIZABETH M. R. CUSHMAN, wife of Charles J. F. Cushman, of Hartland, Vt. She was thirty-seven years old, and left two precious buds of promise to the care of her own widowed mother and her husband. The last request that fell from her lips was that I should attend her funeral; and when I entered the room in which the remains of the once lovely and beautiful Elizabeth lay, and saw a sweet smile upon the cold features, I almost felt that she was thanking me for being *there.* May the dear ones comfort the lonely friends left "still a little while below!" M. S. TOWNSEND.

PASSED FROM THE EARTH FORM.—On the 9th inst., BENJAMIN PACKENHAM, of Loda, Ill., aged forty years and four months.

Patiently, calmly, and resignedly he bore his severe and lingering bodily sufferings, sustained by faith in God and in the ministrations of his angels. For five years he has enjoyed the happiness of a belief in the truths of Spiritualism.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1858.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—N. P. Bean, A. Pratt, D. C. Gates, J. C. Wallace, L. Slayton, C. Hall, C. Thompson, C. B. Gallagher, L. Bascom, W. Johnston, D. L. Davis, M. M. Gardner, H. Bidwell, C. B. Bond, J. B. Hall, J. A. Cook, F. O. Hyzer, C. Pease M. H. Tuttle, L. M. Parker, G. Barnard, H. C. Hollingsworth, F. Willson, E. Warner, E. Barber, W. W. Young, J. Hopper, H. Jones, C. B. Stephens, H. Kelley, W. Prior, A. Bisbe, T. P. Batchelder, M. S. Townsend, L. Bache, F. Rice, A. H. Howe, S. Albro, J. Livesay, R. Parker, A. B. Plimpton, H. P. Fairfield, Calvert, E. Lillie, L. G. Davis, R. R. Wallack, F. L. Wadsworth, D. H. Spurr, Higgins Bros. W. S. Wait, E. W. Knight, D. Dam, L. J. Pollard, S. K. Verrill, L. Lyman, J. York, H. C. Whiting, S. Clark, J. Whitcomb, G. Knapp, C. W. Cathcart, J. M. Pintard.

S. B. Brittan Going West.

TO WESTERN AND SOUTHERN READERS.

The undersigned proposes to leave New York in September, on his annual Tour through the Western States, for the purpose of giving Lectures on the Facts, Philosophy, and Moral Bearings of Spiritualism; together with its Relations to, and Influence on, the existing Institutions of the Church and the World. The course will comprehend in a general way the following subjects:

1. Relations of the Visible and Invisible Worlds.
2. Relations of the Soul to the Body.
3. Nature of the Intercourse between Spirits and Men.
4. Laws of Spirit-mediumship.
5. Classification of Spiritual Phenomena.
6. Philosophy of Life, Health, Disease, Death, and Life in the world to come.
7. Spiritualism of the Bible and Philosophy of Miracles.
8. The Spiritual Idea an integral Element in all Religions.
9. Fundamental Principles and *Legitimate* Claims of Christianity vindicated, and Popular Materialism subverted.
10. Claims of Science and Religion harmonized.
11. Religion made philosophical and Philosophy invested with a Religious importance.
12. "The Unity of the Spirit in the bonds of Peace," on the broad basis of a Natural Theology and a truly Spiritual Worship.

In order to render his labors the more effectual, the undersigned desires to make out a complete programme—before leaving New York—of his proposed travels and lectures, and to this end will thank any friend—in each place where his services may be required—to write him, in *the course of August*, making known the wishes of the people with respect to this proposal.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN THE GREAT WEST!—The writer has been on the Spiritual Battle-ground for *twelve years;* but the contest is not yet over, and he asks not the boon of *rest* until his work is done. It is his present desire and purpose to discuss the important questions and issues named above, before the assembled multitudes, and to this end your earnest co-operation is cordially invited. With your aid in the execution of the plan, and the continued presence of the invisible agents of a living inspiration, we may hope to be serviceable in a cause that merits the consecration of the noblest human and angelic powers.

AT THE SOUTH IN WINTER.—Should the writer receive a sufficient number of invitations to visit important places in the southern section of the Union, to justify the undertaking, he will spend the winter months in the Southern States, extending his travels—if sufficient encouragement be offered—as far as Galveston, Texas. Will the friends in the South, who may wish the writer to stop at the places where they respectively reside—for the purpose herein mentioned—take an early opportunity to communicate their desires?

Address the undersigned at the *New York* office of THE SPIRITUAL AGE, or at Newark, N. J., his present place of residence.

New York, July 24, 1858. S. B. BRITTAN.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MEETINGS AT No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.—A CIRCLE for medium development and spiritual manifestations will be held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock. Admission 5 cents.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store).

TERMS—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps to pay return postage, for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum.

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Entertaining and Instructive.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE WITCH OF LOWENTHAL.

A SKETCH—BY EMMA HARDINGE.

Deep in the heart of the thick umbrageous masses which constitute one of the black forests of Bohemia, stands a deserted and crumbling pile of buildings, once famous as the residence of the powerful Barons Von Lowenthal. Birds of night, and evil flitting things alone find shelter beneath the once stately roof. The broken door and moss-grown steps still give entrance to the noble hall, where fair dames and princes were wont to feast in all the boisterous revelry of a German baronial wassail; but the painted arches no longer re-echo the merry laugh and jovial song, and the springing step of the dancer will never again tread a measure on the fading mosaic of the silent banqueting room.

The most perfect portion of the forsaken old pile is a beautiful little chapel, situated in the rear of the building, surrounded by a shady and peaceful cloister, where the golden sunbeams stream through the painted windows, lighting up the pure white marble of the monuments within, like the uncertain tints of many-hued gems. Here the breeze faintly stirs—through rifts in the broken walls—the tattered banners, once prideful emblems of the prowess of the Knights of Lowenthal. Here pompous elegies set forth the mighty achievements of their warriors, and the calm cold faces of marble saints look down in the deep mystery of their eternal silence, on the vacant stalls where once the lowly worshipper sought to read in their immobile features his own destiny for weal or woe.

The charm of the place, and the only signs which redeem this score of ghostly legends and evil memories from the chilling influence of utter desolation, are two exquisitely sculptured female figures, as large as life, and occupying so prominent a position in the little sanctuary as to show that they were chief features in the history of the surrounding scene. They represented two young and beautiful women, with faces no less dissimilar than their attitudes were striking. The one was evidently bound to a stake, and though the sculptor had simulated with wondrous skill the leaping flame already curling around her form, he had preserved in the upturned features of the victim an expression of passionate enthusiasm, so wondrously sublime, that she seemed an embodiment of the spiritual, triumphing over the keen agony of death in its most terrible shape.

The second figure knelt beside the stake, her hair dishevelled, her garments rent, her straining eyes upturned in frantic despair and her hands wreathed above her head till the swelling veins seemed ready to burst their marble prison and testify to the Promethean fire of life which the sculptor's art had drawn down from heaven to animate his superb monument.

In these statues the final destiny of the house had been typified. Its history was here ended, and the secret of its desolation revealed; the sculpture itself stood at the head of a large slab of pure white marble, which was simply inscribed, "To the memory of Clara, last Baroness of Lowenthal." From the various legends in currency respecting the fate of the subjects of these sculptures, we gather the following sketch.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century a young Englishman of noble family, but broken fortunes, who had been sent abroad in the hope of improving a fascinating exterior and accomplished manners into fortune by marriage with some wealthy heiress, happened to meet at a fashionable watering place with the Baron Franz Von Lowenthal. The baron was a widower, had the reputation of being immensely rich and blessed with an only daughter. The heiress, although living in strict seclusion, was said to be very beautiful; and as the baron appeared to form a sudden and violent attachment to the young Englishman, it was in visions of an union with a paragon of beauty and wealth in perspective, that the handsome adventurer yielded to the baron's pressing solicitations that he would visit his Castle of Lowenthal. Arrived there, all his wildest imaginings seemed realized. The castle was superb, the hunting superlative, the wine incomparable; but above all, the heiress more beautiful than the rising sun, and more mild, coy, yet loving, than the tender beams of a summer moon.

"By heaven, she is mine already!" ejaculated the bold fortune hunter, as on the third day of his residence at the castle the compliant father began to joke him upon the sympathy apparently existing between the tastes and habits of the young couple, while the equally complaisant daughter sighed, blushed and said nothing.

It certainly did not escape the observation of the Englishman, that the whole proceeding seemed strongly to savor of the fact of his being brought there simply for the purpose of having a young, very lovely and very wealthy bride almost thrust upon him. The young man had, as younger son of one of England's Marquisates, a sounding title; but so had the young baroness; she retained that title too, and the empty English ladyship could add nothing to her rank. Even the grossest egotism could not attribute both father and daughter's marked predilection to their stranger guest, simply to infatuation with his excellences; there must be a secret somewhere, and it was not without sundry misgivings lest the said secret was, or might prove to be, the largest part of the strange destiny thus thrust upon him, that he tendered his hand after three short weeks' acquaintance, and was, both by father and daughter, almost immediately accepted.

In addition to the doubts which this too ready compliance forced upon him, was one circumstance in connection with his beautiful betrothed which greatly disconcerted him. From the very first moment of their acquaintance he had never been able to converse with her *alone*. A young lady whom the baroness called her foster sister was her constant companion, and despite of all the hints and inuendos of the bridegroom elect, she never attempted for one moment to quit her post beside the lady. She was young, very beautiful, and, as far as perfect silence and apparently perfect abstraction went, she never appeared to be a check on the lovers; aware, however, that she was neither deaf nor absolutely blind, Lord L. frequently felt as much provoked as perplexed at what he called her intrusive pertinacity.

The wedding-day at length arrived, however, and though the silent, phantom-like Gertrude was a necessary appendage to all the day's movements, the husband triumphantly reflected that the hour of this triune association must at length cease. Great, therefore, was his chagrin, and even indignation, when he found that even in the bridal chamber itself a veiled alcove had been set apart for the occupation of the inseparable companion. Remonstrances, prayers, and even threats were resorted to by the incensed bridegroom in vain. The young baroness declared with floods of tears that she had never been separated from her foster sister from her birth,—that her very *life* depended on her presence, and that if, in short, the trinity must be broken up, the separation must be between the married, not the single pair.

Finding both bride and friend, and, stranger still, the father, too, inflexible, the puzzled lord had to endure this now hated companionship as best he could.

The young baroness protested that from a child she had always been vastly terrified of "evil spirits,"—many were known to linger round the castle; strange sights and flitting forms had been seen within its halls and chambers; low moans and dismal noises too were heard; the tables moved unbidden, doors shut and opened;—and as the awful witches were known to be abroad, and many trials in this very district had lately given victims to the flames, so the lady argued that Gertrude, by her superior sanctity and courage, had ever been her shield against this much dreaded influence, and must continue still, unless her lord desired to part with her or lose her life.

Unsatisfactory as this explanation was, the young man soon began to find it had some foundation, at least, to rest upon, for ere long his sleep was broken night after night by sounds most clearly superhuman in their origin. His room seemed to be filled by a whole legion of unseen rappers,—windows, walls and doors were broken with concussions from invisible agencies,—pattering feet were heard in every gallery, hall and stairway, while flitting lights and ghostly, shadowy forms, stood like unquiet phantoms as they were, within his very chamber, crossed his path, and seemed like guests familiar in the house, sometimes more like its masters than himself. And now he found that day by day the domestics disappeared, and though fresh ones supplied their places, these never staid above a week, all urging the house was fairly haunted, not by one, but legions of evil spirits.

The unfortunate Englishman now began to perceive some deeper meaning in his hasty union than yet had met his darkest thought. The house was not only haunted, but possessed with a *legion*—that was clear. All the wild stories of midnight spectres and apparitions of terror with which the age was teeming, seemed to gain dreadful credence in this awful mansion. After anxious search and long consultation with his wife and father, he announced his unalterable intention of quitting the castle at once, insisting with a husband's privilege that his wife should accompany him. Instead of complying with the readiness of relief to avoid such a home of terror, he found he had to resort to the sternest authority before he could succeed in removing her from her phantom-ridden home. He soon found that the place was deserted by the neighbors on account of its evil reputation; and the utter loneliness consequent upon a reputation which he now found for the first time to be generally notorious, was another cogent reason for his determination to abandon the castle. Great, however, was his consternation, to discover that his new abode was subject to precisely the same torment as before. Groans and shrieks and cries of hideous cadence broke each midnight stillness; and though he moved from house to house, and town to town, go where he would, the wretched haunted man was still pursued by this dread spectral band.

Worn out at last, and pondering whether life or wealth was worth preserving at this dreadful price—although he loved his fair and gentle wife—he felt that he must die or quit her. Some mystery terrible was wrapped around her. *She was the cause—it followed in her track*, unless—and lo! the sunlight seemed to break upon his darkened mind—

"Good God!" he cried, "it is that fatal girl! *She is a witch*—these spectres her companions—these sounds their dreadful Sabbath rites performed within our hearing nightly."

The wondrous influence, too, she had acquired over his wife, seemed now all fully accounted for. Without a word to any of the unhappy family with whom he had wedded,—assured that both father and daughter were equally under the influence of the dreadful spell,—he hastened off to the nearest magistrate, and ere another sundown his case was told, listened to with eager credulity by the horror-stricken agents of the law, and warrants instantly granted for the arrest of the accused.

The Englishman, finding how readily his story was listened to, and how many similar cases the magistrates had lately been called upon to deal with by faggot and flame, rejoiced in the hope, that once freed from the fascinating presence of the "witch," the spell would be broken and his wife, fast becoming now all precious to his heart, would soon be reconciled to her tormentor's fate. He purposed, therefore, to conduct the arrest with as much privacy as possible; but in this he reckoned without remembering his host was "*a witch*." He found the unhappy ladies—by some inconceivable agency apprised of his whole proceeding—locked in each other's arms, and with the bitterest tokens of grief, resolute in their purpose, that nothing but brutal violence should tear them asunder.

On every other point than Gertrude's presence, Lord L. had found his Clara gentle, complying, plastic as the wind. Now all was changed; her rage and frantic exclamations of reproach broke through all bounds; and when at length she sobbed herself to silence upon her companion's breast, her wretched husband pleaded they might be both removed, locked in each other's arms, into one cell, to save her very life. The exigency of the case, and the high rank of the sufferers, hastened the tardy movements of justice, and the accused was placed at the bar on trial for witchcraft, a few hours after her arrest.

For the first time in his life, Lord L. now looked on Gertrude without dislike—nay, with an admiration compelled by her tranquil air,—her still and lofty courage,—her statue-like composure, moveless dignity,—her noble head and Grecian-chiseled face,—her lustrous eyes, with that strange look of distance, which seemed to stray away to that far world from which she well might come, so spirit-like, unearthly, beautiful she looked,—all these impressed their magic spell on every gazer's mind. Beside her stood, like some pale, broken flower, the wretched wife:—beneath her veil, her dim eyes, red with weeping, looked out imploringly on every face, like a doomed captive soliciting for pity. None who gazed on that wistful, woful face, contrasted with the noble, lofty calmness of her unmoved companion, but mistook the captive for the free. The baron himself stood near the pair with downcast eyes and heaving breast, like one borne down by sorrow.

No defence was made,—alas! 'twas useless. As they stood in court, the thundering knockings and the wildering shrieks of unseen agents seared each living soul with the deep brand of terror's scorching flame. The desk, the chairs and benches, all seemed living. They reeled and rocked without a human hand to touch them, and the scene bore witness to the dreadful truth. The air was all alive with viewless things,—the scared and livid witnesses shrunk off,—the judge, aghast, and all the shivering court, pronounced the hasty sentence—death by flame,—death, speedy death; the very earth was burdened whilst this most fearful sinner lived upon it.

The sentence spoken, one wild shriek was heard—two white arms tossed in air—the wretched Clara fell. Her husband bore her prostrate form away. One deep, low groan,—the baron's heart seemed broken. The captive simply smiled and whispered low, "Courage, my father; as I've lived, I'll die."

That night the wretched lady spent beside her friend. The prison-walls never echoed to sobs so heart-wrung as those which burst from Baroness Clara's lips. Overwhelmed at her grief, shocked at an agony which was past his comprehension, Lord L. drew his father-in-law aside, and whilst the unhappy daughter wept her heart away, thus addressed him:

"May God forgive you, b[illegible] you've wronged me. The misery my conduct seems t[illegible] brought upon this family has all arisen, as yourself must see, from suffering me to thus become your son. 'Twas not in mortal power to live with this dread haunting; and what could urge you to seek for my alliance, and having formed it, to force this loathsome, weird companionship on Clara and myself? I do, in Heaven's name, bid you now disclose."

"Have, then, your wish," replied the sorrowful baron. "I sought a worthy husband for my child, and pitched on you, because you were a *stranger*,—none *knowing* would have married her. From infancy till now *she's been the witch*; poor Gertrude has borne *the name* and shame."

"False, loathed deceiver!" cried the Englishman; "can this be true?"

"As true as Heaven," replied the unhappy father. "None would believe my tale,—'tis one I cannot, dare not scarce believe myself. These sounds and sights from childhood have pursued her. From place to place I took her like one possessed. The dreadful secret I never dared disclose, fearing the doom of witchcraft on the child; and yet I know her guiltless. What dreadful fate possesses her and me, God only knows. This Gertrude was our pastor's only child; the story told to him and known to her, induced the noble, generous girl, my Clara's earliest, truest friend, to live with her and dare the shame and blame, should any question whence the terror came. My hope in marriage was that she might conquer, through your alliance, this evil haunting, or that you would protect her. Gertrude would first your wrath and anger bear, and so the timid, fearful child consented, that for awhile she should appear the source whence all his shocking following seemed to come. And now—oh God of Heaven!—you know the fearful truth; and my tender lamb must perish in the flames!"

"Not so," the writhing husband hoarsely murmured. "She is your child; whate'er her fearful crimes, God's hand, not ours, is heavy on her now. She is my wife—beloved, adored by me. She must not, shall not die! I cannot lose her! Almighty Father, oh forgive the wrong!—The *witch* must live, the *innocent* must die!"

From far and wide, from mountain, forest, glen, town, village, hamlet, thousands on thousands came, to see the famous Witch of Lowenthal expiate her fearful crime by fire. The sun that day glared like a huge red ball of angry fire. The distant thunder boomed, and flashing fire, shivered the pine trees in the thick black woods. Hoarsely the sighing winds swept o'er the hill on which the witch's funeral pile was built. In virgin white the noble victim came, her head sublime with constant faith erect; her foot was firm, her sternly-chiseled lips moved not nor parted till the white-robed priest, with agonizing prayer held up the cross, and bade her on its all-atoning emblem confess her crime and speed her soul to grace.

Taking the cross with simple piety, she whispered, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

On holy Stephen's face there never shone a look more shining, angel light more pure, than on that dying martyr-girl's white brow. To Heaven her full soul in her lustrous eyes looked out—her brave and sinless life she freely gave to save the timid, shrinking life of one whom she called friend—whom, more than all the world, she knew to be the real cause of all. In shame and mystery she'd lived to guard her,—in fire and agony she died to save her. To save her!—No, to meet with her in Heaven. Ere high the ascending flames had wreathed her head, like some old saint of old, with halo of great light, the wretched wife laid down her golden head upon her husband's strong supporting arm,—one look upon her friend, her father, Heaven,—one moment given to sigh the name of Gertrude, the next her fluttering spirit oped the gate of that bright land of souls where her hand gave the first welcome to the enfranchised soul of her most wronged and yet most happy victim.

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